## Official Directory.

FEDERAL. T. B. Calron
W. T. Tierrat on
Lorion Miller
Tace. S. Smith
(N. C. Collier
G. D. Bantz
S. B. Longhlin
H. B. Hamilton
C. F. Easiey Delegate to Congress, Chret Justice. Ascociates,

United States Collector, C. M. Shandon U. S. Dist Athoracy, J. B. Hemiogway, U. S. Marshal, E. L. Hail Reg. Land Office Santa Fe. J. H. Walker

TERRITORIAL. Bollellor-General, E. L. Bartlett , Dist, Attorney, J. H. Crist, Santa Fe , you go fix yo'se'f up nice and genteel. Dist, Attorney, J. H. Young, Las Cruces

Las Cruces

A. H. Harlice, Sliver City

A. A. Jones, Las Vegas

4. McCormick, Springer

H. M. Daugherty Socorro

Lahraman,
Clerk Supremo Court,
Sup't Pentiantiary,
Adjutant General

Treasurer,

Las Cruces

Las Cruces

Las Cruces

A. H. Harlice, Sliver City

Jose Segura

H. S. Chancey

E. H. Bergman

G. W. Knaebel

Samuel Eldodt

Marcelino Garcia Auditor, Marcelino Garcia Territorial Board of Education, Supt. Public Instruction, Amado Chavez

FIFTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT. Counties of Socorro, Lincoln, Chaves and SOCORRO COUNTY.

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A. Trojillo
Clement Hightower Commissioners, H. O. Bursum M. Conney Elfego Baca E. L. Browne N. P. Eaton Collector County Clerk County Treasurer. Assessor, Probate Judge, Sup't. Public School, Candalerio Garcia 8, C. Castillo CITY OF SOCORRO.

Esteban Baca Mayor, Cierk, Freasurer, Abran Abeyta
S. A. Baca
A. B. Baca
L. L. Howison Marshal. Police Magistrate, REGENTS SCHOOL OF MINES. Dr. Thomas Harwood, president; E. W. Earon, see'y and thensurer; Juan J. Baca. H. M. McChesney, W. Geo.

### A. T. & S. F. Time Table

GOING NORTH.

GOING NORTH	ik.
No.2 Passenger.	6 00 p. m.
No 36 Way Freight	1:00 a. m.
** 84 Thro **	9:45a. m.
GOING SOUTH	
Sc.1 Passenget	0.55 a.m.
No. 35 Way Freight	1 00 m. m
NO. 10 Way Preignt	7-100 m m
* 83 Turo **	7. 1100 p. 111.
MAGDALENA BRA	NCH.
Daily except Sun	
arnvers	7 25 n. m.
Frives	LI MURE IN
Ro. I arrives at Albuquerqu	ie, 4.00 a. m.
Sun Marcial	750 "
6 Ringer	10 27 0
El Paso.	1.05 **
tenves Landanta.	9.00 €
Los Vegus	8 2 p m
" Albuquerque,	
" San Marcial.	The second secon
n Bincon,	170 000 00
No. 3 leaves Kansas City	13.30 p. m
Los Vegas	16 da 10 th
" La Junta	2 07 n. es
Arrives la Junta,	9.05 a. m
Alleaquerque	I.30m
Ma. 2 arrives at Athunturen	
SHOT PERSONAL	Late a
443110034	19 -9 11
EST A PARTING	1.34 s. m
eaves LasVegas	
ZETTITE DESCRIPTION	2.42 m.
ANTHORIGA .	
arrives Et Paso	12.65 p. m
	11.45 a. m.
SUVER CITY	2.50 p. m.
" Deming	4,30 p. m
· El Paso	4.20 p. m.
arrives Albuquerque	3.10 a. m.
Las Vegas	10.10 a. m.
" Kansas City	7.40 p. m.
leket office openall day	

### Atlantic & Pacific.

TIME TABLE NO. 38.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1894.

WESTWARD STATIONS	KASTWAI
No. 8 No. 1	No. 2 No.
10.00p[10.00p]   hieago	10.00p 9.0
1.505 2.00p Kansas City	
7.20a 10.10s La Junta	10.50a 8.5
9 40p 8 30a Albaquerqu	
2.65a 9.10a Cholidge	8 35p 1 8
3.07a 9.15a Wingate	2.500 1.0
3.35a 10.05a Gallup	2.20p 12.8
5.804 12.08p Navajo Spr'	gen 12.080 10.1
B.50a 1.25a Holbrook	10.40m 8.5
8,10al 2,55p Winslow	9.30a 7.5
10.45a 5.40p Flagstaff	- 7.20m 5.4
12.35p 7.35p Williams	6.003 4.2
2.45p 9.50p Seligman	8 354 2.6
a.05p 11.40p Peach Spri	ng 2.10- 12.4
6.05p 1 4os Kingman	+1.85p 10.1
8.30 p 4.10s The New ile	8 F.50p 7.1
10,20p 6.10a Blake	7 85p ft
12,50a 2.00a Bagdad	5.10p 3.1

4.15a 2.20p Barstow 6.00p Mojave 9.35a 6.30p Los Argeles 12.45p 9.20p Sau Diego N.15a Sau Fran'isco CONNECTIONS. A CBUQUERQUE-A. T. & s. F. E. M. for all points East and South, BETWEEN ALBUQUERQUE and DARSTOW. ASH FORR, Santa Fe, Present and Phoenia for Points in contra, and southern Arizona.

2,20p 12.10a

7.00p 5.00p

2.15p 9.00a

BARSTOW - California Southern Hallway for Los Augeles, San Diego and other Southern California points.
MOHAVE-Houtbern Pacific for San Francisco San-ramento and Northern California points. PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS No change is made by sleeping our passempers between San Francisco Los Angeles, or San Diego and Chicago.

BLAKE. Nevada Southern Ry, for Manyel and connection with stage them for Vandaruilt and mining districts north.

Stop off at Flagstaff And hunt Deer, Bear and Wild Turken in the anguifecant pine ("sets of the San Francisco countains, or visi the ancient roles of the Cave JOHN J. BYRNES, Gen. Pass. Agt. U. H. SPEERS, Ass't. Gen. Pass. Agt. San Francisco, Cal Alhuguerque, N. M.

#### ANN'S HOME COMING.

BY ELIZABETA C. SHIPMAN.

Fred Roberts had long been the sagaband of the Bevinsville district of Slarclay. He knew this himself, but be had never felt it so strongly as today, when Ann was coming home. Home! What home? He had not realized that he bad lived from house to house, six menths at one place, a twolvementh at another, ever since he had come down in the world, which \*\* Las Cruces, J. D. Bryan

\*\* Las Cruces, J. D. Bryan

\*\* Boswell, R. Young

\*\* W. H. Cosgrove

\*\* Roswell, W. H. Cosgrove

\*\* W. H. Cosgrove him kimily.

"Now, Mr. Roberts, I want to see These are some things I've been gettin' rendy 'gainst Ann come home. Just do yo' best to look spry, and Pil and old Uncle Josh in to trim yo' hair n little bit."

He marmured his thanks, his hands sinking as he took the garments. "Don't mention it, Mr. Roberts," she went on, coming into the room to poke the dying fire. "I'm not forgettin' that the child started away from this house. I can't bely thinkin' about her. She was

auch a peart little creature when she away. An' now you say she can just pick up and play anything she wants She looked at the old man to emphasize the remark. He turned one trem-ulous hand over the other slowly, and could think of nothing else to say than

WYPE. lie was longing to cross to the mantol-piece and take a draught from the squat, brown bottle which stood there. Then he would be able to answer, yet he know he must not drink to-day. Mrs. Jackson saw the glance of desire, and felt constrained to speak, her voice deepening under the consciousness of solemn advice.

"Oh, pray, Mr. Roberts, don't touch a drop. It would make Aun ashamed, indeed, to see her father in drink to-

It vexed him to think Ann was coming home to a shameful father; Ann who used to love him, faults and all, as no one else could. If he could only free his tongue from its paralyzing dryness. His bent head and folded bands suggested a humility that almost turned Mrs. Jackson from her

"Ann, you know, is not the same child she was. She is a young hidy now, an' expects to find her father different from what he was I don't ceckon she can stand havin' betries anywhere but on the sideboa'd, trained up as she's been by anyone na strict an' set in their ways as yo' sister Now, don't yo' reckon so,

"Yes," he assented. The remembrance of his sister came into his taind and brought with it a sense of el-nusement. But he inwardly reparliated any thought of cheare in

When the door closed a man walked coverd the fireplace, feeling as he went that he was bowed an cahabby. A glance in the wavering surface of his dim sharing mirror confirmed the consation. isharmy gray bair stood out around a lined fact, suddy one wally, red now, and glazed from expensive and drink. He stood pulling at his looks, ... one infinite deciding that they socied to be telemed, at another striving to recall from he looked when Ann went away ten years and the could not remember. No need to regail nor face. It was before him every mstant. But how did he appear in her eves? Was he as degraded; as dishoveled? Were his bands as rigid; as searred; were they ashesitating; or had this come to him during the ten years? And Ann, during the ten years, had been ascending till she stood like a star above him. Her letters showed him that. He had one in his hand now which he opened and looked at, striving to put together the unkempt, motherly little child he had known, and these elear elegant characters.

He turned resolutely to dress, and fought down his feeling. The clothes were fresh and well-fitting, and he could not help thinking that he looked more "genteel," as Mrs. Jackson said, to the white starched shirt and dark trousers. A rap sounded upon the door, and, closely following it, appeared Uncle Josh with the implements of his trade. He gave an obsequious

"Lawd A'mighty, Mr. Robbuts, sub, I 'clar I didn't know you. You look so

"This hair dou't look so young, Uncle Josh. I reckon you'll have to give it a right good eropping.

"Dat's so, suh. 'Penra lak ha'r dese days tu'ns gray mighty soon." "Seems to me like I've been gray all my life. Was it this gray ten years

"No, suh." answered the old negro, emphatically. "When Miss Ann was sent away, yo' ha'r was as black as

He tucked the towel around the neek of the victim and was renning his fingers through the abundant gray mass before him, preparatory to his work. Uncle Josh had the wrinkled hide and eyes of a great lizard, but his hand was wonderfully skillful with the razor und scissora. He now combed up the locks and clipped the rough ends so that they fell in a loose, gray rain

over Roberts' face. "Hit's tu'ned gray, Mr. Robbuts, 'ense it ain't been looked a'ter lak it ought to be. But hit's mighty nice ha'r. Miss Ann. now, 'Il change things ha'r. Miss Ann, now, 'll change things soul. He rested in desolation on the a right smart, I reckin. Hit'll do Tu'k inhospitable ground, feeling the mogood, Mr. Robbuts. Dat 'ar dawg is a ments go by. Then the sigh he could Leap too sussy anyway, a-dauderin' along by hisse'f of a night, de Lawd knows what. Hit'll do him good to have somebody a-lookin' a'ter him."

He had finished the elipping and now shoolr the towel on the hearth. Then be gathered up the falling hair in a were the healing words of her childian. wad to bury under a stone, so that it days, "father, I came to look for you." might not bring bad luck upon the .- Mid Continent Magazine.

owner by falling into the way of either dogs or birds.

"Lemme rub the sculp will liquor, Mr. Robbuts," he said, pouring out a liberal squeerful from the bottle on the shelf. "Liquor's the life of the sculp an' de stomach." He rubbed it in vigorously and went on: "Now jest stan' out in de san awhile to tels away de smell, 'case de ladies eyan't bar it, an' I 'spec's Miss Annam lack de res' o' 'em now. You'se got to be mighty keerful now, suh, mighty keerful; Miss Ann is a town lady now, 'en I always hyar tell what ve'y delicate noses dey

The operation was completely over now, and the barber stood awaiting his pay, a branking glass of whisky from the familiar bottle. As he drank to Misa Aune's health, he regarded his handlwork with pride, the hair purtod by a gleaming white line just above one ear and plastered down upon the forehead in scooping waves. Down the back of the head was another part, from which the hair was broshed briskly away on either side. The effeet was jaunty and indicrons in the extreme; but Uncle Josh looked upon it as a work of art. His parting remark was to beg his model not to "muss it 'fo' Miss Ann comes."

Robert donned his waistcoat and cont and walked to the window. The trees on the horizon were leafless and black, but an afternoon haze softened their Iron outlines. The locusts below in the yard stretched bare boughs, and the rose bushes had only stems to show after all their summer wealth. Among the dry brown leaves, which were shiftlessly left in drifts, the hens scratched industriously. A line of ducks, contrary to orders, were marching across the greensward on their way home after a late swim. Just below the window, propped against the great chimney, lay Turk, his broad bull neck upon his outstretched paws. He was peacefully dreaming in the austere warmth which the afternoon

The man felt the chill from his drenched head. It crept downward and rendered the stiff shirt unbearable. Now it reached his heart and awoke despair. Everyone, even the old negro there, warned him that he was nofit for Ann. He had always known i , but he had hoped that their love met above and annulled the unfitness. How long he stood leaning against the window frame in mental numbness he did not know, but when he looked around the fire had died out and the sun was half below the inky horizon. Ann would soon be here. He could not face her, the strange daughter whom he did not know. With trembling, burning fingars, he tore off the new clothes he had put on an hour before, and dressed himself in his everyday garments. They were rough, unbrushed and dis-raputable, yet he welcomed them. He felt that he was himself again, the outeast who worked long enough to buy whisky; who begged food, shelter and clothing. He had dreamed of deliverance from without; a deliverance he was too weak to effect within himself, which should be brought about by sympathy, companionship and protection. But the dream was over. He young lady Ann had developed into. He opened his door and crept down gers ratifed the knob of the door so uncontrollably that he feared some one

was only a drag and a disgrace to the the stales and across the ball. His finwould hear, and he halted, expecting a summons to explain. No voice ques-tioned, however. He stepped out on perch, thence to the lawn and softly whistled to Turk. The animal bounded joyously around the corner of the mine and fawsing about his master. The two struck westward neross the lawn, and, as he went, Roberts heard the sound of a window

thrown up and a voice crying: "Mr. Roberts, upon my soul! Mr.

Roberts! He gave no heed, but plunged into the orehard, feeling the cold evening air, and seeing through the black twigs of bushes and trees the vivid thread of scarlet just above the horizon line of woods. He had a stick with him, and threat into a pocket of his cont a bottle which he had selzed from

As he went on and the evening fell darker, and Turk walked ahead more sedately, he could not keep weak tears from his eyes. He did not know what they were there for, Sometimes they seemed to flow at the picture of himself, lonely, homeless, without place or worth, wundering in darkness, but mostly they rushed unbidden at the thought of Ann, his little Annie of ten years back. To his dazed mind she seemed dead, and he mourned over her as he would over a dead child. How she used to shield him! When he lay weak from his drunker stupors, mind; here was warmth and an anoydne; then he wrenched the bottle from his pocket and flung it far into the darkness. He listened to the faint crash, and sat erect for a few minutes. After awhile he folded his arms and rested his head upon them.

"I'll go presently," he murmured, heavy with drowsiness. In spite of the bitter cold sleop seemed deliciously near and grateful. He dozed in snatches, now and again recovering

"It's better for her," he repeated; "it's better for her. She's got as gentle blood as any, and without me to hinder she can go with the best. She has money, too, thank God."

He was drifting into irresistible sleep, but through its veil he felt the dog at his side get up and run forward. He put out a languid hand; his touch fell on rough stubble and dried weeds. A litterness that even the poppied case of sleep could not prevent flooded his not keep back, the salt drops forcing their heavy, unwilling way through his lids, were checked by Ann's voice; not by her voice alone, but by her

cheek pressed to his cold face.

NO HURRY IN NORWAY. People Take Their Time There and Won-

der at Yankee Vintora These Norwegians are a wonderfully patient people. They never hurry; why should they? There is always time enough. We breakfast at nine. Monslear goes to business at ten or so, and returns to his dinner, like all the rest of the Scandinavian world, at half-past two. We reach coffee and eigarettes at about four, and then monsieur goes back to his office, if he likes, for two or three hours. We sometimes see him again at suppor at half-past eight, but napally there is a game of whist or a cert, or a friend's birthday fete (an occustom never overlooked by your true Norwegian), or some one has received a barrel of oysters, and would not, could not, dream of opening them without hampagne and company - masculine company only. It seems to me that there are entirely too many purely male festivities here. In fact, the men say so themselves, and that they would really enjoy many of the occasions much more if ladies were present. But "it is not the custom of the country" (a rock on which I am always foundering) to omit or to change in such matters. Monsieur only does as do all the other men of his age, which is elderly, and condition, which is solid.

There is a curious feeling concerning America over here, in one way and another. Morgenbladet, the chief conservative paper, an organ locally of the first importance, keeps a sort of horror chamber of Americana. The reason is I suppose, that in these very dark and tremblons political times, when not only threatened and tottering, the conservative interest thinks it dangerous to allow any virtue to appear in a republic, and especially in ours, the most flourishing, and therefore the most pernicious, example of that invention of evil bred.

#### A DOG'S LESSON.

He Was Taught to Be Respectful to

Jack McCall, of Gray Engle Bar, was out at the dog show and took a great deal of interest in the foxbounds, for up in the mountains of Pineer Jack is known sa a mighty deer lounter, says the San Francisco Call. Sanderson, whose dog Paddy took the liest prize in the challenge class, was talking of his dog's merits. "Foxbounds," he said, 'seldom know much more than to follow a seent, but Paddy is an exception, I can drop my knife while out hunting, and, after going on a mile or more, send him back for it and he will bring it to

"You ought to see my dog Quarta," suid MeCall.

"Thoroughbred?" asked Sanderson. "Oh, yes, yes, he's a thoroughbred. One of the supriest dogs you ever saw Fine deer dog, too. He's a half bound and half Spotch terrier."

"I thought you said he was a thoroughbred," said Judge W. P. Luwler, who is the owner of a prize winner, .

"Well, if you saw him after deer you vould say he was a thoroughbred," redied Jack, who has not attended many tog shows. "One day I was out pros-secting and had no gun with me, and so, Quartz and I, came upon a black or sitting up on his haunches. Quartz ad never seen a bear before, but had fron had fun with the wild hope that god may see sometimes in the mouninc, and he supposed he had a hog to

Mr. Omnets rolling down hill, sould have seen the intelligent hole of noulry on that dog's face when I came up to him. It asked as plainly as could be: What kind of a hog was that, any way?"

THE USEFUL BIGYCLE.

An Occasion on Which It Replaced Turp-in's Sounic Hisck Root.

In these days when so many means of earning a livelihood are closed, save o the working classes, it is interesting a hear of the revival of so eld a profession as that of the road. This bereason as that of the road. This be-ing the age of machinery, says the Pall Mail Gazette, one need not be sur-prized to learn that the bicycle has been substituted for the Bounie Black lesses of a century ago. The original formula: "Your money or your life," is, however, maintained intact, and the ald York road is once again the scene of the highwayman's operations. The istal, too, is still the proper weapon, nd in other respects the traditions of he craft are enrefully preserved. The Donesster police are communi nted with, but have not made any of the days when watchmen were over turned in their boxes. Throughout the account is picturesque. The cyclist-cuthrouts' bleycles were "on the roadside," while their riders disputed the passage of Mr. Lovely. The latter shook up his gallant "safety" (hence-forth a misleading title), and attempted to run the guantlet, but a bullet took him in the back of the thigh. He, however, escaped to "his native city" of York, preserving his purse virgin.

The fellow who was born very tired rrew more and more weary as he went brough the hups and mishaps of childhood, the adolescence of youth and the early period of manhood. At middle age he was the tiredest man then liv-At fifty he was so utterly worn out with the simple process of existing that it occurred to him to enleulate how many breaths he must draw if he went on living for twenty years more, and, being a man in fair preservation, there was a good prospect of his renching the allotted threescore and ten cenra of average mankind. Well, the fred citizen figured it out on the basis of eighteen breaths a minute, Less to the hour, 25,000 to the day, 9,462,280 for a year and 189,542,800 for twenty years. The figures appalled him, and he died in disgust and discouragement.

The "Born-Tired" Man-

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After the great bimetalic mass meeting held in New York, the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements sent the following letter to the Dispatch: NEW YORK, August 25, 1893.

DEAR SIR-The Committee of Arrangements who had charge of the mass meeting of bimetallists, held at Cooper Union last evening, desire to express their appreciation of the valuable services rendered to the cause of bimetallism by the New York Dispatch, and embrace this opportunity to thank you for your able and generous efforts to promote the public well being by advocating the cause of the money of the Constitution, which always has and always must be the money of the people.

I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully, yours,

Joun G BOYD, Chairman. Yearly subscription 82.50 Six month 1.25

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